THE SWORD INTERVAL

BY BEN FLEUTER

Hey! Cock-a-doodle-doo please!
BU-GUK?

HUH!

KRIK

DINER
Seriously! David! Where you at?!

KSST

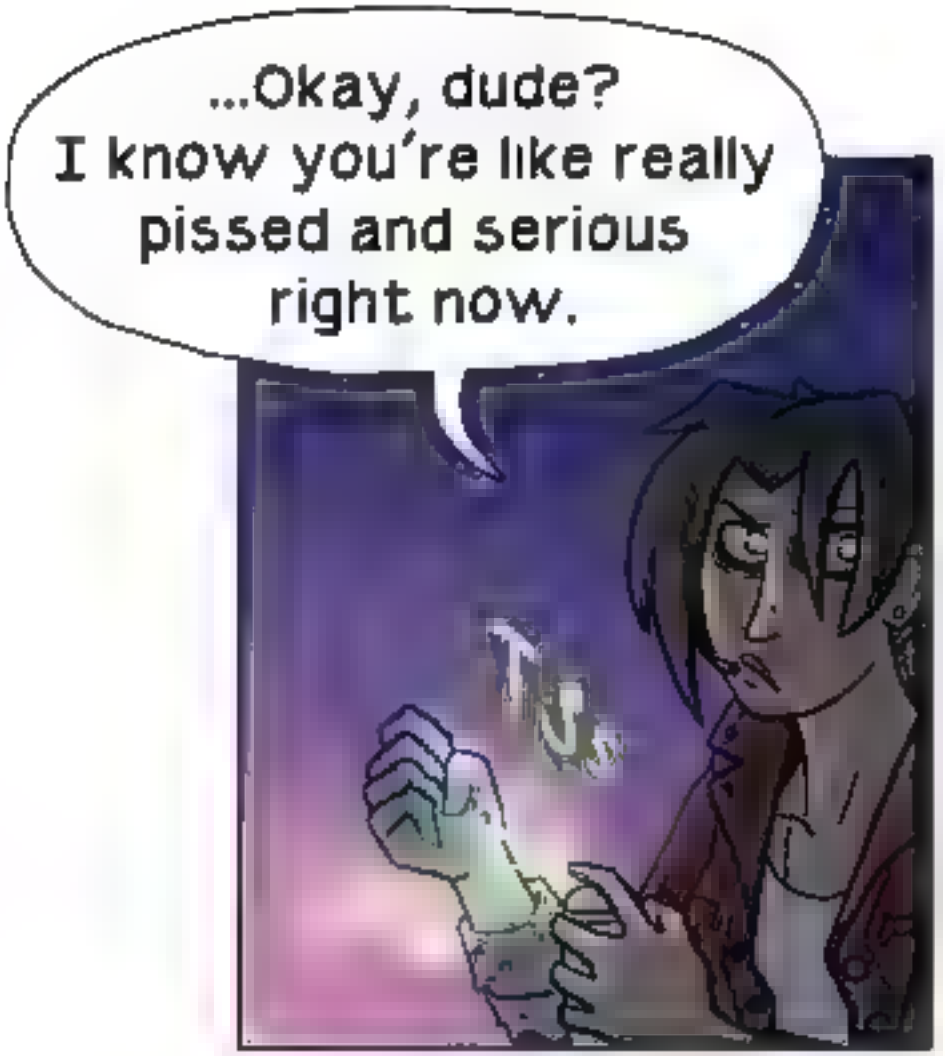
CRK
CRKK

BUK!

CAW-CROOO!!!

Nice! Knew we'd figure something out.
You idiot.

You GODDAMNED idiot.
You couldn't wait twenty-four hours?


...Okay, dude?
I know you're like really pissed and serious right now.

But you're like, holding a chicken and it's just kinda silly.

Besides, there were pieces of *people* in that thing's nest, David.

It didn't *deserve* another twenty-four hours.

And what if we both got prettified? How would you save anyone then?
Uh, we didn't get petrified, though? It all worked out fine?

Dunno why you even asked me to come along.
You won't listen to me.

...So what, we're just supposed to play it safe, even if it means *condemning* innocent people?

TNK